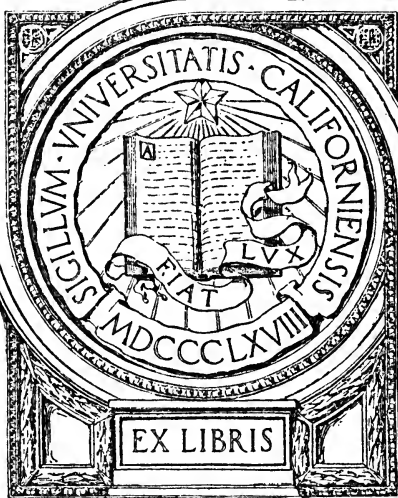


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A BOOK OF POEMS

FOR

THE BLUE CROSS FUND, London
(TO HELP HORSES IN WAR TIME)



PRESIDENT ,
LADY SMITH-DORRIEN

UNIVERSITY OF
CALIFORNIA

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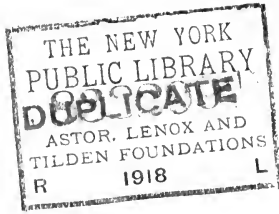
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A BOOK OF POEMS

A Plea for Horses in War Time.

THEY have left some luxurious stable
Those beautiful horses we saw,
Who were kept in refinement and comfort—
To face all the horrors of War.
Once they arch'd their proud necks as they passed us—
Were guided by some gentle hand—
Now for us they are crippled and bleeding
And forc'd 'mid the cannons to stand !
They have given their lives for our service
As much as our men—even more,
Yet we honour our soldiers as heroes
How can we their horses ignore ?
Ah ! think of our dear noble horses
Who dumbly for pity appeal,
And help the " Blue Cross " in its efforts
The poor wounded creatures to heal.

Some, once liv'd in some quiet country village
And knew ev'ry peaceful green lane—
Used to feel the kind hand of their master
Caressing their smooth glossy mane.
They have left all the scenes long familiar,
Have left the dear masters they knew,
And are facing the guns' roaring thunder,
Yet claiming no praise as their due.

Stevens 20/11/15 4-

They are fighting with strangers in battle,
And have not the power to complain,
With no visions of honour and glory,
But suffering, exhausted with pain.
Ah ! think of our dear noble horses,
Who dumbly appeal for a friend,
And help the " Blue Cross " in its efforts
The poor suffering creatures to tend.

They have given their lives for our service—
The horses their masters adore ;
They are fighting to save us from danger
And working as never before.
Once they graz'd in the meadows at leisure—
Now blood runs in streams at their feet,
They are cut, and are mangled, and tortur'd,
And daz'd with the battle's fierce heat.
Ah ! the stately and beautiful creatures—
Their patient, pathetic brown eyes—
Dumbly plead to us all to reward them,
And now in our hands the power lies.
Ah ! think of our dear noble horses
Who silently trust to our care,
And help the " Blue Cross " in its efforts
By giving the best you can spare.

MAJORIE CROSBIE.

The Silent Volunteers.

(To the horses that have fallen).

NO less, real heroes than the men who died
Are you who helped the frenzied ranks to win ;
Galloping heroes—silently—side by side,
Models of discipline.

You, too, had pals from whom you had to part—
Pals rather young to fight, or else too old—
And though the parting hurt your honest heart,
You kept your grief untold.

Thus in the parting have you proved your worth,
As you have proved it time and time again ;
You, the most human animal on earth—
Nobler perhaps than men.

Nobler, perhaps, because in all you did—
In all you suffered you could not know why ;
Only, you guessed—and did as you were bid—
Just galloped on—to die.

Unflinchingly you faced the screaming shell
And charged and charged, until the ground was gained
Then falling mangled—suffered simple hell—
And never once complained.

There, where your life blood spilled around you fast—
Lying unheeded by the surging van,
You closed your great big patient eyes at last,
And died—a gentleman.

LEONARD FLEMING, *Lieut.,*
Queen Victoria's Rifles.

The Trooper's Horse.

IN battle charge, a trooper bold,
From off his horse was thrown,
His danger made the blood run cold,
Death claimed him for his own ;
Then suddenly his horse was seen
To grip the fallen man,
And bear him outward to the green,
Where safety led the van.

It was a truly noble deed,
And worthy of all praise ;
The man had taught his gallant steed
The high unselfish ways.
“ Just like a horse,” at once we say,
Man's firm and faithful friend,
That willing bears him to the fray
Nor fears how it may end.

Our horses now are at the front,
And bravely do their part ;
They bear without complaint the brunt
Of war's destructive art.
When wounded sore in our defence,
From us they claim relief—
Send on your pounds and humble pence,
And make their sufferings brief.

GEORGE FULLER.

“ I speak for one who cannot speak for himself ? ”

The Horse.

“ For the Work he does no mention in dispatches is made
His Heroism just into nothingness doth fade ? ”

KIND People and good, just a moment I pray.
I've something so very important to say.
I ask for your help for the gentlest of friends,
Whose beautiful Character charmingly blends
The Virtues of Love, and Fidelity rare
To all those who love him, and of him take care.
Such Love and Fidelity that oft I doubt
If 'tis true he's no Soul ? And when Life ebbs out
That there is no Heaven to which he can go ?
He ceases to be ? One can hardly think so ?

We look back o'er Centuries and Centuries of Time,
And what do we see in almost every clime ?
Just this, that the Horse, Man's best friend has e'er been
By his usefulness rare, his instinct so keen ?
In Peace or in War ; in Business, or Pleasure,
He has always proved a most perfect treasure ?
If Riding, or Driving, or Hunting we go
Without our dear Horse, we're nowhere you know ?
And even sometimes when our Motors break down
We're glad of his help, just to get back to town ?

The innocent Victim of a Despot's insanity,
This poor dumb Martyr of Man's inhumanity,
Now bleeding and torn on the Battlefield lies
With a mute appeal in his beautiful eyes.
As he wonders—wonders—but wonders in vain
What can be the cause of this terrible pain,

And suffering and noise, and confusion so great
Which has lost him his Master, his Friend, his Mate ?
The " Tommy " who loved him, and treated him well,
But who now by his side lies dead, where he fell ?

Lies dead to this Life, and to all that it holds
With its joys and sorrows, which each day unfolds ?
For his Country's Honour he has fought, and died,
So for his 'tis " All right " on the " Other Side. "
Though perhaps steeped in Sin, by his Death he has won
God's merciful Pardon for any wrongs done ?
'Tis well to live well ? To die well is better ?
The Death " Tommy " died fulfils to the letter
God's precept, that Man must love well his Brother,
And if need be lay down his Life for another ?

Now Tommy when dying in our charge has left
His poor wounded Horse, now of his care bereft
He trusts to our kindness that we'll do our share
By giving as much as we really can spare
To help the good People, who now can be found
On all the big Battlefields, going around,
And working with tender solicitude there
For poor wounded Horses, of whom they take care.
They have Hospitals for them—Ambulance too—
These most humane Workers, who wear a " Cross Blue ? "

LOUISE JOUSIFFE.

On Active Service.

WHERE'S glossy Bess, the carmen's mare ?
Where's gentle Prince, the children's
friend ?

Where's Starlight, fast beyond compare ?
And Tiny Tim of fiery blend ?

Gone to fight their country's battles,
Gone to face the shot and shell,
Days of toil and nights of hunger.
Can we help, who loved them well ?

Where's soft-nosed Jessie, sugar lover ?
Where's handsome Bobs, my lady's hack ?
Where's Punch, the Squire rides to cover
And Misses' trapper Lively Jack ?

Gone to fight their country's battles
Gone to face the shot and shell,
Weary waiting, hours of torture.
Can we help, who loved them well ?

Where's sturdy Joe, who hauls the coal ?
Where's ginger Nell, who brings the bread ?
Where's Tommy, petted from a foal ?
And Norna of the Fitful Head ?

Gone, all gone on Active Service,
Faithful Servants, friends of man.
We in sheltered homes of England,
Let us send the help we can.

Why Not?

PRAY a prayer for the men at the war,
As the bells ring out at noon,
Pray for the reign of Love and Law,
For the World-peace dawning soon,
Pray for mothers, and children, and wives,
For all who suffer and do,
Pray for the men who give their lives—
Why not for the horses too?

H. F. W.

A Plea for the Horse at the Front.

DO not we also bear the brunt of battle,
Give our heart's blood, our latest breath for you,
Carry your soldiers. Draw the heavy cannon.
Submissive to the work you'd have us do ?

We, too, are units of the standing army,
" Pals " of our soldier masters, whom we love ;
Comrades in peace and war, we charge together
Where bursting shrapnel clouds the sky above.

Draught horse and charger, ungrudgingly we give you
All of ourselves, our body, strength, and mind,
Mind to obey your will, strength for your transports,
Body—a shield the soldier there may find.

Hungry and tired, sometimes with looks dejected,
(Where are the quiet fields, dear homes afar ?)
A kind word, a caress, and we are heartened,
While all around's the smoke and din of War.

Torn and bleeding do you leave us lying,
Where shot and shell have stretched us on the field ?
With shattered bone and gaping sides we're suffering
The agonies of thirst and wounds unhealed.

We fell out from the ranks, sick and fatigued ;
We lie, slow dying, on the battlefield ;
Not even a friendly bullet ends our suffering
And brings the relief that death alone will yield.

In England there are many folk who love us.
Will they not send us succour in our need ?
We, too, are useful, God's instruments to aid you ;
He will approve your kindly, humane deed.

H. T.

Only a Horse.

THE battle is ended, the silence of night
Comes down, like an angel of peace o'er the
plain ;
Hushed the roar of the cannon, the shells screaming
flight,
The clash of cold steel, and the bullets' fierce rain.

Over the field goes a small, gallant band
To succour the wounded, where helpless they lie—
Like an emblem of hope to eyes anguish has dimmed
On its errand of mercy the Red Cross goes by.

Was that a groan, over there, to the right ?
Swiftly the Ambulance wheels from its course,
To and fro flashes the lantern's pale light,
Back comes the answer—"It's only a horse."

"Only a horse—'tis not them that we seek—
Pass quickly on, there a wounded man lies."
A horse—is there none, who would for pity's sweet sake
Will heed the appeal of those dumb, helpless eyes ?

Only a horse ? He bore bravely his part,
In the shock of the battle—he faced shot and shell.
'Twas the Cavalry Charge put the foe to the flight,
He was doing his duty, No more, when he fell.

The love of his Country was nothing to him,
Nor glory, that leads men to suffer and die,
But he knew and he answered the hand on his rein,
He went where it led him, and never asked why.

"Only a horse ?" In contemptuous pity
When asked to remember, and aid, you exclaim,
Yet he bears his part with our Soldiers in battle—
Wounds, hunger, and death—Ah ! he suffers the same.

OLIVE DOWNES.

On the Death of a Dear Dumb Friend.

Who died August 29th, 1911.

MY dear dumb friend is dead and gone,
He now lies cold and still,
His loss for ever I shall mourn,
His place, I ne'er can fill.

He is buried 'neath the old fig tree,
His pain and trouble o'er,
Where he had gambolled, romped and played,
In happy days of yore.

His kindly welcome—cheerful bark
No more I'll see or hear,
For I have lost my valued friend ;
My dog, my Boxer dear.

From little pup, for now twelve years,
I've watched him day by day,
And I can't fully realise
That he has passed away.

Where'er I look, some well-known trace,
Of him I always find,
And time can never him efface,
Nor blot him from my mind.

But when I cross the bourne to
Where he has gone before,
I only trust again I'll see
The Dog whom I adore.

J. R. COLLINS.

My Dumb Friend.

I HAVE a friend and he is dumb,
But what a world of love there lies
To greet me as I homeward come,
Within his eyes.

The words of welcome that I hear,
When other friends, sometimes I seek,
Is often but a form, I fear,
With those who speak.

My Dumb Friend does not play a part,
Not his the planned and studied task ;
To let his voice belie his heart,
And wear a mask.

True is the welcome that he gives,
He thrills with pleasure at my call,
And he will love me while he lives
Whate'er befall.

The Dumb Call.

Written in aid of the "Blue Cross Fund."

THOUGH dumb the call of our horses, the heart of
man should feel

Humanity's chord vibrating, touched by that mute appeal.
The care they need must be given by love's unselfish
hand,

To the faithful friends who aid us to guard our native
land.

Leaving the tranquil work of peace on farm or city street,
They go to a sterner duty, danger or death to meet ;
Taking part in a conflict in which they have nought to
gain,

When seeking help, shall we forget, and let them plead
in vain ?

Racing batteries into line, mounted by Britain's sons
Facing the flying shrapnel hurled from a hundred guns,
Silently doing their noblest to further their master's aim,
Achieving deeds of glory, untold on the scroll of fame.

Granted no cross for valour, the fruit of victory's hour,
Reaping the bitter harvest of Germanic lust for power,
Wounded, helpless, dying, as the battle claims its toll,
Enduring nameless terrors unknown to the human soul.

The Blue Cross League is striving to comfort our gallant
steeds,

Easing their patient suffering, tending their voiceless
needs.

The sacrifice they have offered, there on the blood-
stained sod,

Is honour's call to pay them—the debt that we owe to
God.

SYDNEY R. GIBSON.

A Dumb Appeal.

(The Blue Cross Fund, 58, Victoria Street, London, S.W.,
is in need of funds.)

SHE was a pretty, nicely-mannered mare,
The children's pet, the master's pride and care,
Until a man in khaki came one day
Looked at her teeth, and hurried her away.

With other horses packed into a train
She hungered for her master's voice in vain ;
And later, led 'twixt planks that scare and slip
They slung her, terrified, on board a ship.

Next came, where thumps and throbbing filled the air,
Her first experience of *mal de mer* ;
And when that oscillating trip was done
They hitched her up in traces to a gun.

She worked and pulled and sweated with the best ;
A stranger now her glossy coat caressed ;
Till flashing thunderstorms came bursting round
And spitting leaden hail bestrewed the ground.

With quivering limbs, and silky ears laid back,
She feels a shock succeed a sharper crack,
And whinnying her pitiful surprise,
Staggers and falls, and tries in vain to rise.

Alone, forsaken, on a foreign field—
What moral does this little record yield ?
Who tends the wounded horses in the war ?
Well—that is what the Blue Cross League is for.

JESSIE POPE,

(In the "Daily Mail").

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The Cavalry Charger's Appeal.

I 'M only a cavalry charger,
And I'm dying as fast as I can,
(For my body is riddled with bullets—
They've potted both me and my man) ;
And though I've no words to express it,
I'm trying this message to tell
To kind folks who work for the Red Cross—
Oh, please help the Blue one as well !

My master was one in a thousand,
And I loved him with all this poor heart
(For horses are built just like humans,
Be kind to them—they'll do their part) ;
So please send out help for our wounded,
And give us a word in your prayers—
This isn't so strange as you'd fancy,
The Russians do it in theirs.

I'm only a cavalry charger,
And my eyes are becoming quite dim.
(I really don't mind thought I'm "done for,"
So long as I'm going with him) ;
But first I would plead for my comrades,
Who're dying and suffering too—
Oh, please help the poor wounded horses !
I'm sure that you would—if you knew.

SCOTS GREY.

An Answer to Cavalry Charger.

WE'VE read your appeal, faithful charger.
There is truth in the story you tell,
So we're sending you on a subscription,
And hope others will do so as well.
You deserve all our help and pity.
For you have helped our soldiers so true,
To fight for their dear Country's honour,
And you have shared in their sorrows, too.

You've borne the brunt of battle bravely,
Now you are badly wounded and torn,
You want our kind care and attention,
And need rest for your body so worn.
You shall have it, true-hearted charger,
We will tell of your right noble fall,
Then others will help to restore you,
And respond to your sad-hearted call.

You are but a cavalry charger,
Yet still the God that made us, made you,
So we'll pray for you and your comrades,
And we know God will answer us, too.
We'll uphold the work of the "Blue Cross."
We will do just as much as we can,
To help you, dear cavalry charger,
For we know you're the true friend of man.

HELENA ROBINSON,

Company Officer,
Herts Women's Defence Relief Corps.

A War Horse.

A RIGHT fit war horse was he then,
And shining was his mane,
His rider was an officer,
When to the War he came.

A charge was over ; rider thrown,
And wounded he too lay ;
Who was to help him then, who fought
And suffered too that day.

The Blue Cross Fund, Our Dumb Friends' League,
Is there to do that work,
And how will you help them this day,
You surely will not shirk ?

R. S. HENREY.

The Wounded War Horse.

GENTLE and brave amid the ranks he rode,
And felt the steed beneath him proud and true ;
Gentle and brave the steed beneath him strode,
And felt " My master's hand will guide me through. "

And hour on hour, through dying and through dead,
And lashed by rain from heaven, and hail from hell,
From morn to eve, unscathed alike, they sped,
But, at the close of day, the charger fell.

He saw the shattered limb, the heaving breast,
And eyes entreating aid he could not lend,
With kiss on kiss the velvet nozzle pressed,
And longed, yet loathed, its agony to end.

And heedless for a while how trumpet blared,
Or round him roared and flashed the fiery zone,
He, who all day the battle's worst had dared,
Now dared not brave the bivouac alone.

Then in one sob a fond farewell he spoke,
The loaded death with hand reluctant drew.
Oh ! dear dumb friends, so patient of our yoke,
There's many a heart, ye know not, aches for you.

JAMES RHOADES.

(From the *London Daily News*.)

The Battlefield.

THE War is raging fiercely,
The Battle's not yet won,
Think of the man and his noble steed
Who bravely face the Gun.

The horse has nobly done his work,
Has carried his Master well.
Are we going to leave him on the Battlefield?
Wounded by shot and shell.

No, never, while Kind Hearts still beat,
Shall we forsake the poor horse,
But gladly help it all we can,
By sending Funds to the Blue Cross.

The Blue Cross is Our Dumb Friends' League,
Our Pets kind Friend for many a day,
It has opened Hospitals at the Front
For wounded Horses fallen in the Fray.

Will you show your Love for Horses
By helping the Blue Cross, please?
Funds are urgently needed,
To relieve poor suffering Gees.

So don't delay, but send to-day,
Your help is needed one and all,
Think of the poor Wounded Horse,
And answer to its Pitiful Call.

ZELDA F. A. WEST.

A Plea.

OH ! think of the horses who help win a battle
Amidst the gun and rifle rattle,
Pulling the guns for Allies and Huns,
Going wherever the enemy comes.
Then a bullet lays them down,
Down for ever with one deep groan,
Down with their riders who once did ride,
And led them to battle with galloping stride.
What do they do but faithfully work,
Work at the call and never shirk.
Now, do you not think they guard us well
From the enemy ; this land they wish to swell
With their barbarities and all,
Destroying the old and small.
But the horse pulls the cannon
To save us from Mammon,
Now from your pockets please give us a coin or more
To help this Fund for horses engaged in the War.

BERT SHEEN.

Dumb Heroes.

THEY had served us long and we loved them well,
They were willing and faithful friends,
And their time of service we said should be o'er,
Nought but ease and comfort their end.

So they wandered about in pastures cool,
And drank of a rippling stream ;
And came at the call of the voices they loved ;
Their lives passed as a happy dream.

But o'er England's horizon black war clouds loomed up,
Shook the hearts of all with sickening unrest,
Men feared for the battle's din.

No heed they took, in their happy old age,
For their time for labour was past.
For twenty years they had worked so well,
They had earned their rest at the last.

Soon word went forth from the "Man of Might"—
"Let the horses be garnered in,
They are wanted for King and Country's work—
Go ! Marshal the Horses in."

So they took the old Horses ?—and God knows where
And how their end will be.
But the tears stream down for their hapless fate,
And the things that have to be.

Dear Heroes dumb—we rank thee high
In the scheme of sacrifice,
Thy country hath claimed thee—thou gavest not sign
But went—to pay the price.

E. F. HOLLAND.

Commandeered.

“ **L**AST year he drew the harvest home
Along the winding upland lane ;
The children twisted marigolds
And clover flowers, to deck his mane.
Last year—he drew the harvest home ?

“ To-day—with puzzled, patient face,
With ears adroop and weary feet,
He marches to the sound of drums,
And draws the gun along the street.
To-day he draws the guns of war ? ”

L. G. MOBERLY

(In “ Poems of the Great War ”).

The War Horse.

TO you who love the sunshine
On a glorious hunting day ;
To you who love the twilight
When home you softly stray.

To you who love the beat of hoofs
Upon the stable yard,
And think no pace that ere was set
For you could be too hard.

To you who love the bugle
And the music of the hounds,
Who think no hedge could ever stay
Your gallant hunter's bounds.

To you who love the early morn,
The canters in the "Row."
Who linger in the "Ladies' Mile"
For a chat with "So-and-So."

To you who love to set the pace
With a sparkling "Four-in-hand,"
Who pride yourself your leaders are
The Nags "to beat the band."

To you who love the jingle
Of the bridle and the bit,
And the thunders of the hoof-beats
As o'er the sward you flit.

To you whose lot it is in life
To mingle play with labours ;
Who steal away when e'er you may
For airs—with an Epsom flavours.

To you who drive a growler
And love to drop your hints
That the steed between the shafts
Might win—the—Darby—but for Splints.

To you who think the horse you tend
Whate'er his equine station
To be—not what he is,
But the finest in creation.

To all of you who love the horse,
Who've toasted "Kissing-Cup,"
Think of what you owe him—
Let these words be just a "Stirrup."

"You've loved me and caressed me,
Made much of me in play,
You surely won't desert me
Now I'm fighting night and day."

"You've loved me and fondled me,
And like the woman in the Play,
My heart has leapt to meet you
The while my voice said 'Neigh.'"

"You've told me that 'you loved me'
Made a pal of me alway,
You surely won't turn from me
Because you're asked to pay?"

"If you've really loved me
Spare a 'bob' to-day;
And, but for this so—torturing wound,
I'd thank you with a neigh."

You've sugared me and petted me
And filled my rack with hay,
Don't leave me to the mercy
Of the stranger by the way.

"MINOR."

Is it Nothing to You?

THERE'S a cry ringing over the water,
There's a call coming over the sea,
Not even the din of the fighting
Can quite drown that pitiful plea.
In the smoke and the noise of the battle,
Where the dead and the dying lie thick,
Sounds the cry of the brave wounded horses,
"Send us help, and for God's sake send quick."

Not for us are the honours and crosses,
Nor the glory of winning a fight,
Though we're there in the midst of the slaughter
We can't save our men by our might.
In the hell upon earth that they fight in,
We only suffer and die.
Oh! you people of England, have pity,
"Is it nothing to you who pass by?"

We're serving our King and our Country,
We're playing the game to the end,
And to every brave Tommy that's out there
We stand as a pal and a friend.
Don't you think when the last trump has sounded
And the call of the bugle rings clear,
That the Captain of all good soldiers
Will give us a place up there?

PHYLLIS CROZIER.

The Charger.

A Plea for the Blue Cross Fund ("Our Dumb Friends' League").

OUR hearts are torn for those who fall
In this most awful war,
Who pass away 'mid sabre flash
And cannons' deafening roar.
We give our gold, we give our time,
The wounded men to cheer,
Who fight to save our native land,
Old England ever dear.

Shall we forget the noble horse
Who knows no fear in war?
He scents the battle from afar,
He hears the cannon's roar,
With head erect and fiery eye
He charges in the fight;
And oft he falls a wounded beast,
A sad and piteous sight.

Then, Britons, spare some of your gold,
Your silver, or your time,
To help him on the battlefield
Who served you in his prime,
And God, who ruleth over all,
Will bless you for the deed,
That helps to save the noble horse
In this his hour of need.

E. KNOTT.

His Master's Voice.

WITH quivering limbs and a glazing eye
The dumb brute lies 'neath a crimson sky,
Oblivious now to the bursting shell
As it hurtles through space from a blazing hell ;
The stinging lash he will dread no more,
The cruel thud, nor the curse of yore.
The thralldom is o'er, the freedom nigh
As he rests on the blood-stained earth to die.

Torn from the home he loved
And all that had made life sweet,
The dainty form, and the fond caress,
And the sound of the pattering feet.
Hark ! 'tis the Master's voice,
The Master he loved so well,
And the great heart goes to its rest at last
Under the gladsome spell.

The deadly missile has done its work
Sped from the dens where the foemen lurk,
Man's trusty friend lies shuddering there
Awaiting the end in the poisoned air,
But the hours drag on till the noble frame
Returned once more to the dust again.
And this is Man's work. O, God ! how long
Ere thou deignest in mercy to right the wrong ?

Torn from the home he loved
And all that had made life sweet,
The dainty form and the fond caress,
And the sound of the pattering feet.
Hark ! 'tis the Master's voice,
The Master he loved so well,
And the great heart goes to its rest at last
Under the gladsome spell.

The Dying Charger's Plea.

A YEAR ago last August I was a woman's pet ;
Her hand caressed me each morning, I can almost
feel it yet.
She knew me, and loved me, kissed my face—her little
soft white hand
Wandered over my silky neck, back in the dear home-
land.
There was only one she loved better, a soldier tall and
slim,
The man she had vowed to marry, and for her sake I
loved him.
They wanted to commandeer me, but my mistress
answered No ! ”
And she whispered to me “ Bring him home, dear,
where'er you both may go.”

Last month we left the home-land, he will return again
And may think of some one that she loved—a dying
horse in pain.
We went to the front together, and often I felt his kiss
As he gave me a lump of sugar—“ Your mistress sent
you this.”
Time after time he risked it, I felt his guiding knee,
I trusted my life to him, because I knew that he trusted
me,
He knew that I loved my mistress, that I answered his
softest call,
He trusted the horse she gave him never to blunder or
fall.

Last night—don't ask me—I'm dying, my mouth is
all blood and foam,
They hit him first, pretty badly, but I carried him safely
home.
I felt a sting—then another ! Some one lifted him off
my back,
And left me a dying horse, whose life-blood stained his
homeward track.
There were nurses ready to help him : I can see as in a
dream
They will be happy at home, but no one hears my
anguished scream,
My mistress has quite forgotten her pet who used to be,
But I—have given my life for him, will some one care
for me ?

An Honest Horse.

OH ! listen now to me, and a story I will tell
Of a friend who lives amongst us
And on the desert beside the Arab
Most doth affectionately dwell.
He's lived through all the ages,
Since this great world began ;
Oft has he proved to truest friend
God ever gave to man.
If you use him gently, wisely,
Teaching him what to do,
And in your hour for feeding him
By the clock keep ever true,
His work he'll do most willingly,
And his manners will ne'er be coarse,
For the noblest friend man can possess
Is a good and honest horse.

What finer sight the world o'er
Could ever you wish to meet
When walking through a city, or
Perchance a village street,
Than to see a good horse pull a carriage
And show his pride and state,
As though the doing of his duty
Seemed his spirits to elate ;
Tossing his head, or champing his bit,
Still mindful of the dignity of his master
Who sits in the carriage behind,
Making it plain to all the world

That an honest pleasure in doing his work
He ever seems to find.

And when he's wanted to go faster
A gentle word is all that he'll require,
He'll then trot out more briskly
And never seem to tire.

Then all good people should aye
Bear this in mind,
That a quiet word is better
Than harsh and brutal force,
For there's aye a right and wrong way
To work an honest horse.

When strolling through the country
Perchance in a field, a horse at ease you'll see,
Some old hunter who has done his duty
And through age has been set free.
He may be grazing quietly
Free from all stress and strife,
When a sound reaches his ears
Which makes him lift his head,
'Tis a sound that recalls sweet
Moments of his life,
Nearer it comes, just the fox,
Next the hounds, then horse
And rider go flashing by.
Well loved music it sounds to him
As the hounds make the woodland
Ring with their sweet, melodious cry.
Forgotten now his age,
Forgotten now his aches and pains,
For these he does not care,
As once again he'll join the chase
And in it have his share
Of joy in that sport, the truest sport,
The one that never leaves remorse,
Only pleasant memories, shared in their hearts
The world o'er, both by the man and horse.

Now through the land the drums beat out
War's cruel and shrill alarm,
And to the soldiers the horse seems to bear
A new and added charm,
For on his charger's back he'll boldly ride
Accoutred with the sword and lance.
From out the barrack gates they'll come,
And through the crowded streets
The horse will proudly prance
As though conscious of new duties
And ready to answer his rider's hand or knee,
When the scene is quickly changed.
On board a transport, then out across the sea
Into a foreign land, where all is bustle and
hurry,
With little time to feed,
And less time in which to worry.
The home-land now is left behind,
Forgotten the spinney and gorse,
For war will aye be cruel to man
Yet crueller to the horse.

And now commands are sharp and clear,
Quick there, come all, fall in
To fight your country's battles
And your freedom now to win.
No time to lose, for o'er the land
Comes the booming of a gun,
And at this sound the charger pricks his ears,
His muscles twitch as though ready
For a real good hunting run ;
When loud and clear the bugle calls,
'Tis sounding out the charge,
And onward then they go.
The bursting of shells, the clash of steel,
The charger tells they're now amongst the foe,

When through the ranks they've boldly cut their way.
The order to retire is given,
He gallops back, with tossing head,
Proud of having his master carried safely through the
fray.
When boom bursts from a distant gun, and beside him
bursts a shell,
'Twere as though the earth in twain had now been riven.
He staggers forward, then stops and reels
As hot fierce pains throughout his body
Quickly now he feels.
No more for him the charge will sound,
Never again to gallop through the woodland or the gorse.
Forget the men you never will,
And aye, remember kindly the soldier's friend,
His charger, and an honest horse.

JIM PRESTON.

The Charger.

IN all our country's battles the charger takes his part.
His duty he has ever done, with a right good
honest heart.

Now some of them are maimed, bruised and sore ;
For others the charge will sound no more.
Of our wounded heros, we aye lovingly take care,
Yet often we forget his dumb comrade—
Who has nobly done his share.

As a trooper's friend, he's ever proved most true,
Ready and willing whate'er betide, his duty for to do.
He knows his danger well when the charge rings out so
clear,
Yet, his heart is always right, and in it there's no fear.
And when the fight is over, back the others ride,
You'll often find him standing by his dying trooper's
side.

Though the shells are bursting round him, they cause
him no alarm,
He's there to shield his comrade from any further harm.
He may be dumb, just a soldier's horse, but with a heart
to love.
His trooper friend, well he knows, as with loving eyes,
he watches his comrade dying.
They both have been willing to give their lives to keep
our dear Flag flying.

JIM PRESTON.

The "V.C."

HOW did I win it ! well, you see,
I must my thoughts collect—
It all seems like a dream to me
When I try to recollect !
But candidly you take my word
I'd no idea of fame—
If you had happened to be there
You'd just have done the same.

The Skirmish had been rather hot—
A Skirmish—it was more—
Perhaps it was the sharpest fight
That happened in the War.
The enemy was flying fast—
We thought not one remained—
When up there started four or five
Who death had only feigned.

My wounded Captain prostrate lay,
And sinking fast I thought.
And so I wouldn't leave his side
For bravely he had fought !
'Twas five to one, but never mind,
My Captain I would save—
I'd get him back within our Lines
Or join him in the grave !

My rifle was quite useless for
I'd not a charge I found—
My ammunition was all spent—
I'd not a single round !
So like a lightning flash I seized
My fallen Captain's sword
And laid about with all the strength
My right arm could afford !

Then all the lot around me closed
And tried to hem me in—
But I slashed wildly right and left
Resolved to die or win !
Some fell like wooden ninepins down,
The others slunk away—
And then I hastily returned
To where my Captain lay.

By chance I caught a straggling horse—
My Captain then I raised—
And threw him 'cross the horse's back—
That saved him, Heaven be praised
The horse, good luck, was young and strong
And o'er the ground we flew—
If once we gained the British lines
We should be safe I knew.

Somehow I don't remember more
Till I woke up one day
A nursing sister by my side
While on a bed I lay !
I tried to rise, but " No," she said,
" Not yet—good man, lie still,
We've had a very anxious time,
But you'll pull through, you will ! "

But where's my Captain, tell me quick,
And if he still survives—
For he received some ugly wounds—
That horse saved both our lives !
And when I heard he was alright
And near to me as well
They say I laughed, I was that glad,
No words suffice to tell !

But there—as I said at starting
I'm proud of the great " V.C."—
But if you'd been there as I was
You'd have done the same as me !

KNIGHT SUMMERS.

“Marquis.”

the Regimental Dog of the 23rd Foot killed on the
Field of Honour.

SO thy Campaign is done at last,
O ! little soldier-dog,
Thy brief, brave course is run at last,
Good little faithful dog.

Just picked up by the regiment,
Outside St. Etienne,
You were carefully smuggled into the train,
As a palthing for the men.

You “went for” a German in uniform,
As the Tommies taught you to do,
But you carried messages round your neck,
When they found how much you could do.

So you played a game of Life and Death,
And 'twas just a “game” to you ;
But the messages hid in your curly fur
Their import you never knew.

And you never cared for the firing line,
The shells, or the bullets a bit,
And it seemed that the luck was all on your side,
And you really could never get hit.

But they got you at last, little “soldier-dog,”
Within two bounds of the trench,
And when the soldiers saw you fall,
I'll bet that was a wrench.

For there was another Messenger
Who went even faster than you ;
And He caught you up as you galloped along,
But you got your message through.

And just as they got that message off,
And the last knot was untied,
Did you know that the " game " was done at last
And so, little dog, you died ?

There are plenty of dogs who will bark at a Hun,
And lie down and die for the King,
Yes, and jump up the moment we've counted ten,
But, by Jove, you have done the real thing.

So they've put your name on the honour's roll
Among the casualty list—
" Marquis," on the field of honour killed—
And I can't see your name for a mist.

O ! there's many a man in England to-day,
Who would envy the death you died.
Though only a dog, you have died for your King,
You have died for a nation's pride.

And you've earned for yourself a soldier's grave,
Although you're only a dog,
And you lie where your masters and playmates lie,
A soldier's " soldier-dog."

EVERY YOUNG.

A Dumb Appeal.

(By R. Voss, late R.N.)

I'M only a poor old war horse
Willing to do or die.
I dearly love a bit of chaff,
And straw whereon to lie.
A little water every day,
And then a good rub down,
I'll do my bit with honest will
Though all the world may frown.

I cannot speak with words like you,
So make this dumb appeal.
Don't tug the bit, don't use the whip ;
Like you, I've sense to feel.
I'll go just where you want me to
And I'll do as I am told.
I'll race into the fighting line
With a spirit brave and bold.

For Shot or Shell I do not care,
A War Horse has no fear,
My Master knows just what to do
And also where to steer.
But should it be my fate one day
To get a knock-out blow,
I shan't complain just how I feel,
My anguish you won't know.

And there's thousands more that's just like me
Content to lie and groan,
If we only knew you cared for us
And make our sorrows known.

A Letter from the Front.

I EXPECT you just think—I'm a dumb animal.
But the British Tommy really calls me his Pal.
From the North to the South, and the East and the West,
We were called on—to rally and do our small best,
And back up the Allies, in this terrible War
Where we all fight for honour, on it is my paw.
You will find us all there—where the crushed need our
 might.
And striving to turn back—all the wrong things quite
 right—
Some folks think we don't know—or can't hear, or
 can't see—
As they sit snug at home—but just 'twixt you and me—
We knew from the moment they first called us from
 home
We were off to help fight—and though far we might
 roam—
We should never be classed with the Slacker at Home.

Sometimes in the dark night—as we wait in the cold,
All ready to start off—the moment we're told,
Our thoughts fly to carrots—and sugar so sweet,
And how proudly we dressed and went off to the meet.
Or we lie here and there, in a terrible plight,
Some wounded, some dying—(our share in the fight)—
And we wonder if Mistress—who loved us so much,
That she came every day and made such a kind fuss.
She saw that our stables were kept cosy and warm—
Was it real love for us or just only a form,
Or to see that her hunters were up to the mark—
Just for her own pleasure (excuse this remark) ?

Does she think of us now lying wounded and sad,
Having done our real best for her brave soldier lad ?
How we long for the help she can send us out here ?
And to know that relief and some comforts are near ?
She won't miss it much, and when everything's told,
And the men of the Blue Cross their tale unfold,
Of how we poor horses, dreadful suffering saved,
Turned our soft grateful eyes—and to them almost
prayed

They would give our best love to our Mistress so kind,
Who we knew to help us she never would mind,
For we fight for our Homeland as much as the men.
Hark ! I hear my call, " Forward," so must drop the
pen.

THE OLD HUNTER.

Comrades.

IN the field so green, in the calm of the evening,
After the day's work the horses are resting.
One carried his master all round the farm,
One brought the children home from school—
Daisy and Betty, Empire and Peggy,
Busy, so busy every bit of the day.

Hark ! a change now has come.
Listen ! there is trouble across the sea,
Our soldiers are going to fight for the right
Our horses must go to help in their might.
Into a train, into a ship,
From the old home carried like soldiers away.

Silence around ! 'tis night once again
(With the twinkling stars, and the same sky above).
Oh ! what a change to the days in the old home
In our pastures so green and our stables so warm.
Th're cleaned, fed, and made ready
To hunt or to gallop, to plough or to carry,
Then a pat and kind words : " Well done, old fellow."

Listen ! silence is over,
Far from the distance comes a dim sound,
Danger's ahead, our masters are watching.
Sounds in the distance, we too quickly hear,
Words of command, like our riders we know,
And we must be ready to face the foe.

The officers now are carefully watching,
Watching for changes along yonder dim line,
Many a rider looks above for a second :
Father in Heaven keep us brave and true,
For Thine is the Power to give strength and victory,
Victory for right and strength to endure.

Nearer and nearer—our horses scent danger,
Their ears are so quick to hear distant sounds ;
Hoofs paw the ground, bit and bridle are heard,
They're ready, aye ready to go forth at a word.

The foe is now nearer—my rider sits firm,
Steady, old fellow, our line we must keep,
See, there's smoke over yonder, it soon will be here,
Bullet and shell, round us will fall,
Shot after shot, boom after boom, from our guns and
theirs,
Not a moment to falter, but bravely ride on.

Amidst the roar of raging battle,
The voice of our leader rings out firm and clear ;
Stick to your guns and saddles my boys, victory shall
be ours.

Cop, cop, old fellow, keep up if you can,
We're both of us hit, but we'll stick together ;
Cop, cop, come on, we've won the day.

A change once again—men and horses comrades still,
Poor old fellow you're badly wounded.
Time passes on, the Red Cross and Blue Cross
Meet near these comrades and know care is needed,
Care and devotion for both soldier and horse
For their wounds made by bullet and shell.

Days pass away !—a soldier wistfully
Is wandering round yon " Blue Cross " home.
Watching carefully if an old comrade was brought from
the battlefield.

Two ears prick at those footsteps, then a whinny and
neigh."

" Old fellow I've found you, and you're bandaged like
me,
But soon by God's help, we'll be comrades again."

YORKSHIRE GIRL.

The Wise Horse.

(A True Story of 1914.)

ERE the trench warfare is begun,
And men change post ere rise of sun,
A troop of our best cavalry
Are called to charge the enemy.
Onward ! with faces all aglow,
With martial ardour, now they go,
No man in bearing seems to err,
No gallant steed deserves the spur,
One moment sees their proud advance,
With whirling sword or glittering lance,—
The next beholds a bursting shell
Fall in their midst—a bolt of Hell.

A soldier, wounded nigh to death,
Drops slowly, panting now for breath,
Seeing him fall, his faithful horse
With bent neck, looks, then checks his course,
Once more he looks, looks yet again,
Sure is it now, he knows the pain,—
Then, by kind instinct gentle made,
He bends, and seeks to render aid.
The man's torn raiment holding fast,
He lifts him up ; and gallops past
All danger : then, and not till then,
Amid a picket of our men
From his kind mouth he loosed his load,
And softly neighed for help, nor strode
Away although that help had come.

Later, amid the gathering hum
Of friendly tones, and friendly hands,
He looks ; he knows ; he understands ;
And takes his sugar quietly,
While men say, for his bravery,
Now he deserves the famed V.C.

MACKENZIE BELL.

The Blue Cross.

I WAS only a rough remount
And they sent me here to replace
A Comrade who died
From a shot in the side—
A horse who had run his race.

How to tell you the sights I saw,
When I first came into the fray !
The ground was all red
From the blood that was shed—
They had fought twenty hours that day !

My master had just got his seat,
When there came a deep roar and glare :
He fell from me dead,
In the swamp that was red,
And I fell down beside him there.

I have only a short time to live,
Having lost a forefoot and an eye :—
Will you pray for us ?
You can help us thus,
While we work for you here, or die.

Shall I tell you what else we need ?
Embrocations, Sponges, and Slings :
Zinc Ointment, Nose-bags,
Stockholm Tar and Felt Swabs,
Rolls of Cotton-wool—crowds of things !

Bandages and Disinfectants,
Pails, Brushes, Horse-rugs old or new :
 Loin-cloths, Aniseed,
 Pestles, Mortars, Linseed,—
We sha'n't appeal in vain to you !

You have heard of the Red Cross Fund ;
Have you heard of the Blue Cross too ?
 Everything that is sent,
 On us wounded is spent,
And our best thanks return to you.

Allington.

DIANA LEGGE.

A Sequel to Cavalry Charger.

I am only a Cavalry Charger,
And I'm dying as fast as I can.

.

SECOND cousins to the cavalry charger
We gallop the guns to the fight,
Stay where we are placed by our driver,
See many a ghastly sight.
The guns, asleep when we drew them,
Wake up and roar in wrath,
Scattering death from their muzzles
To everything in their path.
Often our own good gunners
Beside the gun are killed ;
A whole team of faithful horses
By a shell for ever stilled.
If we are sorely wounded,
There's merciful help for all ;
The Red Cross for the gunners,
For us the Blue Hospital.

Third cousins to the cavalry charger,
We are stolid and steady and strong ;
And lots of the heavy transports
My brothers and I pull along,
Loaded with food and munitions,
Over roads where a charger would tire,
We patiently, cheerfully plod on
Through mud and blood and shell fire—
I once was a farmer's plough-horse,
I worked hard, but peacefully then ;
Sometimes, when the shells shriek their loud,
I wish myself back again.

I've been wounded with bullets and splinters,
But kind were the Blue Cross men ;
They carefully doctored and nursed me,
Till I'm well as ever again.

The charger carries his man,
" Guns " carry and drag galore,
The transport gives his strength
To " pully-haul " for the corps.
Cavalry, Artillery, Transport,
We're all of us " doing our bit " ;
But the Blue Cross Hospital Service
Try their utmost to keep us fit.
'Tis a mad world, my masters, just lately,
And we don't know How or Why ;
But all the demands made upon us
We endeavour to satisfy.
So remember the poor wounded horses
And the Hospital Service Blue ;
And Mercy in giving and taking
Shall be twice-blessed to us and to you.

E. BURDEN.

Scottie.

ONE paw uplifted as if in surprise,
Shaggy hair sheltering bonnie brown eyes—
Only a doggie—but looking so wise !
That's Scottie.

Are you downhearted, or sad, or morose ?
Scottie would willingly banish your woes—
Into your hand slides a little cold nose !
That's Scottie.

Or are you merry and happy and gay ?
Some one is equally ready for play,
Scampering madly and doubling the way !
That's Scottie.

Dear loving heart in your little rough coat,
Tuning your mood to our every note,
Loyally blind to our every mote !
That's Scottie.

Faithfullest friend that a man ever had,
Sticking the closer if Fortune be bad—
No one need ever feel lonely or sad
With Scottie !

E. S.

For our Blue Cross Fund.

I'M only a poor old horse
But I'm proud as proud can be,
And I hold my head with the highest,
But of course, it's only me.

And ordinary men despise me,
And think I've got no soul,
But then 'twas God who made me,
And He has made me whole.

But cursing does no good,
As man has soon found out ;
It's patience, not a rod,
And help, but not a shout.

An animal you often say
Is dumb and stupid too,
But willingly I work all day
To earn your meals for you.

I sweat and pull and pant and try
My heavy load to take,
And big steep hills I dare defy,
And progress stead'ly make.

MOYRA PONSONBY.

(Aged 13 $\frac{3}{4}$ years.)

To an Oft-Forgotten Hero.

WE hear of many noble deeds
Performed in time of war,
How noble men on gallant steeds,
Have faced the battle's roar.

All honour to those heroes bold,
Their names shall never die ;
Their deeds are wrought in types of gold
For future history.

But of all those gallant steeds
Who in the battle fall ?
Are they not heroes ? are their deeds
Less worthy ?—Not at all.

When the order—" Charge ! " is given
And the rifles sharply crack,
Does he wait till he is driven ?
Nay, you cannot hold him back.

Oft he gets the deadly missile
That was for his master meant,
And he falls a quivering mass, while
With his groans the air is rent.

Then to make his burden lighter
We will do our best, at least,
Whilst we all admire the fighter,
Let us not forget his beast.

There's a " Blue Cross " Fund for horses
That are wounded in the field,
Serving with the gallant forces,
'Tis for this I have appealed.

If from out of your resources
You can spare a trifle,—Do,
For these sick and wounded horses
Who have done their bit for you.

For, though dumb, he has his feelings
Just the same as you and I ;
Can we see his mute appealings
And, unheeding, pass them by ?

No, if surgeon's skill can't cure him
And they'll try you may depend,
With your help we can ensure him
A merciful, if untimely end.

A. W. DREWETT.

The Gunner's Story.

WHEN the shells are bursting round,
 Making craters in the ground,
 And the rifle fire's something awful cruel ;
When the wounded fall an' die,
And you 'ear a horse's cry,
Or the shriek of a shrapnel-rended mule ;
When you 'ear them in the night,
(My Gawd it makes yer fight !)
An' yer thinks of them poor souls a going 'ome ;
When you 'ear the sergeant shout
Get your respirators out !
Then yer looks an' sees a cloud of something white.

The gas is coming on,
An' yer knows before it's gone,
That the 'orse wots with yer now won't be by then ;
Yer loves 'im like yer wife,
An' yer wants to save 'is life,
But there ain't no respirators, not for them.
I was standing by his side
On the night me old 'orse died,
An' I shan't forget 'is looks towards the last !
'e was choking mighty bad
An' 'is eyes was looking mad,
An' I seed that 'e was dying—dying fast.

I'm a gun-team driver now,
An' I want to tell yer 'ow
Me 'orses works when they're put to the test ;
They've a lot of work to do,
An' it's them wot gets us through !
For they strains their blooming 'earts out when they're
pressed.

We was galloping like 'ell,
When a bullet 'it old Nell !
I could see the blood a streamin' down her face.
It 'ad got 'er in the 'ead,
But she stuck to it and led
'Till we comes to action right 'an' then she fell.

I 'adn't time to choose,
I 'ad to cut 'er loose
For she'd done all she could do afore a gun !
When I looks at 'er again
She was out of all 'er pain,
An' I 'opes 'er soul 'll rest for wot she done !
If it 'adn't been for Nell
We should all 'ave bin in 'ell
For we only got in action just in time !
Ain't it once occurred to you
Wot the 'orses there go through ?
They 'elps to win our fights an' does it fine.

When 'is blood 'is flowing 'ot
From a wound what 'e's just got
An' 'is breath is coming 'ard, 'an' short, 'an thin,
'e can see the men about,
Getting water dealed out,
But not a drop is brought to comfort 'im ;
Tho' 'is tongue is parched an' dry,
'e can see the water by,
But 'is wound won't let 'im go an' get a drink.
'is wounds are left to bleed,
An' he can't tell us 'is need,
So 'e's just got ter bear 'is pain—an' think.

There are 'eroes big an' small
But the biggest of them all
Is the 'orse wot lays a dying on the ground.
'e doesn't cause no wars
An' 'e's only fighting yours,
An' 'e gives 'is life for you without a sound.
'e doesn't get no pay,
Just some oats an' p'r'aps some 'ay.
If 'e's killed no-one thinks a bit of 'im
'e's just as brave an' good
As any man wot ever stood,
But there's a mighty little thought or 'elp for 'im.

ANNETTE JOYCE.

“Sall.”

(In Aid of the Wounded Horses.)

I'm none of yer London gentry,
None o' yer Hyde Park swells,
But I'm only a farmer's plough horse
And I'se born among hills and fells.

Yer mus'nt expect no graces
For yer won't get 'em from me,
I'se made as nature intended
An' I'm jus' plain Sall, d'ye see.

You've not seen me in the Row yet
An' yer won't, if yer try so 'ard,
I'm not a show 'orse yer forget
But I'm Sall, plain Sall, and Sall goes 'ard !

INEZ QUILTER

(Aged 11 years).

The Horse and Victory.

HERE he stands, our faithful steed,
Helping England in time of need,
Faithful and true to Duty's cause,
He goes unheeded—sometimes scorn'd.

His head erect, his eyes aflame ;
Yes ! shot and shells the approaching game,
He dashes forth to Duty's call
Either to win—or else to fall.

If fallen he, who will there be
To stand and sorrow ?—or give pity ?
Some simply say, " It's only a horse ! "
And take such things as a matter of course.

O gallant steed, when war is won,
Will you share honour with England's son ?
Or will you wait, until He who made
Shall class you in the heroic grade ?

Although some jeer at love of him,
How can those hearts be free from sin ?
If dumb, if inferior, if animal,
God gave them us to love—that's all.

We oftentimes think, that dog and horse
Are more humane than some of us,
For their life they'll give—tho' lash'd—while we
Stubborn would turn, and then would flee.

Our War to win, our horse to share,
The victory that England's pride will bear ;
For has not he our faithful steed
Answer'd Duty's call in time of need ?

So, hands in pockets, help to win
The war yourselves, by handing in
To "Blue Cross Fund," the only thing
That'll cure his body to fight again.

Then bless you, dear steed, for all you've done ;
And thanks for loving England's son ;
Who stranger to you, you've loved so well
And lick'd his body, when wounded, I'll tell.

Men, spare more of needless pain
By cash to ease him and to gain
Victory for us, with England's sons
Doing your duty as well as our guns.

LILY FIELDHOUSE.

Our Ally the War Horse.

OUR brave ones are giving their lives for us,
We all own that, of course ;
We thank them and help them all we can,
But what about the horse ?

Poor Tommy works hard, midst shot and shell,
The enemy back to force ;
But how could victory e'er be gained
Without the faithful horse ?

Poor Tommy toils and he hopes and waits,
His meals he needs badly, of course ;
But how could they ever reach him now
Without the faithful horse ?

We hope for victory, may it come,
We'll cheer our heroes of course ;
But may we not forget the part
We owe to the faithful horse.

Remembering Tommy's pains and wounds,
He has so many of course ;
May we also remember his comrade, too,
The patient, forbearing horse.

Think what he suffers and patiently bears.
It is all for us, of course ;
Oh ! can we leave to the enemy's care
Our ever faithful horse ?

In the creation ere man was made
The animals came in course ;
And our Maker gave man power to use
Over the faithful horse.

But when He gave him dominion then,
He gave a warning, of course,
That the blood of each creature would be required ;
Remember the faithful horse !

So when the Maker of all shall come,
And we each shall see Him of course,
May we answer gladly, " We have been
Kind to the faithful horse."

All who'd like to help our dear dumb friends,
Should send cash to the " Blue Cross."
And so heal the wounds of our brave ally,
The ever faithful horse.

M. F. LARKIN.

A Prayer.

“He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small,
For the dear God Who loveth us
He made and loveth all.”

Coleridge.

THINE are the cattle on a thousand hills,
So saith the Word Divine ;
And all the beasts that every forest fills,
Each one is Thine.

But Thou hast given unto men the power
To capture them and tame,
To use them for their service hour by hour,
Call them by name.

Some of Thy creatures, in this time of strife,
Fight side by side with man ;
And many a horse and dog gives up his life,
Does all he can.

O Thou who lovest all that Thou hast made,
Who madest great and small,
Hear us Thy servants, who are not afraid
To pray for all.

For men who fight we pray in our distress,
'Tis all that we can do :
And kneeling on, we ask : “ O Father, bless
The dumb beasts too ! ”

C. S. PURVES.

Printed in aid of the Blue Cross Fund.

The Dying Charger.

A plea for the extension of the benefits of the Geneva Convention to wounded horses on the battlefield.

*From "Ballads of the War," by H. D. Rawnsley, M.A.
(Hon. Canon of Carlisle).*

"**H**ERE long unhelped and helpless have I lain,
In agony that quite forbids me swoon ;
Thro' the cold night's intolerable pain,
Thro' thirst and torture of the burning noon.

" Shot in the spine, I cannot move nor rise,
Dumb, shattered jaws are filled with blood and sand
And fettered by a girth that none unties,
My poor swoll'n body feels the tightening band.

" I have no God to pray to,—He, the man,
Who was to me as God, reeled back stone dead ;
I fell when charging foremost in the van,
My comrades past me like a whirlwind fled.

" At early dawn, a cock-crow from afar,
With momentary solace seemed to come ;
For I remembered fields unplagued by war—
Those pleasant pastures of my native home.

" The cock-crow ceased, but voice to voice replied,
Voices of unimaginable woe,
And here a brother raised his neck and cried,
There pawed the pitiless earth in dying throe ;

" I could not die." Ah, friends, with tender heart,
Think of the horse, that wounded and in fear,
Lies still undying in his long death-smart,
And only asks a ball behind the ear.

Shall not the Christ, Who came with Saviour hands
To bid the travail of creation cease ;
Send forth to fields of war His Blue Cross bands,
And give the dying charger painless peace ?

For a Horse Flag Day.

(Dedicated to the "Blue Cross.")

BUY a Flag !

Give your copper, give your silver, give your gold if you can :

To help the wounded horses is to help the cause of man—

Buy a Flag ! Buy a Flag ! Buy a Flag !

Buy a Flag !

They, created to a freedom wide and winged as the wind,
Freely serve the higher brother of the master-hand and mind—

Buy a Flag ! Buy a Flag !

Buy a Flag !

Man has broken them to harness, but they give their wills to serve,

Responsive to a kindliness in every thew and nerve—

Buy a Flag ! Buy a Flag !

Buy a Flag !

They are suffering in our service, yet are patient, brave, and true ;

Come, do your best for the horses, they have done so much for you !—

Buy a Flag ! Buy a Flag !

Buy a Flag !

Give your copper, give your silver, give your gold if you can :

By their strength and noble patience they have served the cause of man—

Buy a Flag ! Buy a Flag ! Buy a Flag !

JESSIE ANNIE ANDERSON.

Cheer O!

(Dedicated to the Blue Cross Society.)

YOU'VE heard tell of Bucephalus, that horse of
Grecian lore,
Of Donovan, Persimmon, Sir Visto, and Bend Or ;
True ! these were " classy " gee-gees, the blue blood of
our race—
I pulled a van round Cheshire way, though that is no
disgrace.

But now I'm out in Flanders a-doing of my bit,
As leader in Field Battery E, which keeps me pretty fit ;
We have no room for slackers, be he a horse or man,
And as for danger !—ask the Huns ? we do not give
a damn !

When war broke out it wasn't long before my notice
came,
There wasn't any tribunal or Derby-shirkers game ;
A gent in khaki collared me and branded my fore hoof,
Then marched me off to depôt without a chance to spoof.

Things have been bloomin' lively here and I've had my
fair whack,
For hell-for-leather is the pace at sound of whipcord's
crack ;
Our guns don't wait for Kaiser Bill but hustle is the
game,
And them there German " Johnsons,"—they ain't so
bally tame !

I've been down with rheumatics, a spavin and sore back,
My treatment wasn't tender like they'd give a Hyde Park
 hack,
But still we have our hospitals and vets. of the Blue
 Cross,
It's quite a treat to have a wound and get a decent "doss."

Our doctors they are very kind and tend our many ills,
With tourniquets and blisters and various sorts of pills ;
There's one thing which we don't need—that's ginger—
 bet your all !
We're always to the forefront when we hear the bugle
 call.

We're jolly pals in my gun team—one comes from
 Yankee land.
And one from far Australia, where I'm told there's
 desert sand ;
We often lie awake o' nights a swopping of our yarns,
'Bout all the good old times we had in distant country
 barns.

What causes us to wonder is that these superior men,
Should be so keen on slaughtering each one the other
 when
There's land enough for all o' them without no bloomin'
 fuss
But perhaps we are not to know—dumb quadrupeds
 like us ?

When I return to park at night and lay me on my straw
I sometimes think of pastures green which I may see no
 more
For there ain't leave for 'osses for to see their folk at
 home,
Which damnable injustice fair makes us "roarers"
 foam.

When one of us he gets laid low with " T.T." or shrapnel,
In silence he must suffer which makes it worse than hell ;
No bearers come with stretchers, but one must stiffen
slow,

Till death the eye ball glazes and he takes his long
furlough.

I'm but a poor old hackney and a cross-bred one at that,
Yet still I'm game and do my bit to make the foe sit
" pat."

To-morrow is our Battery's day to silence enemy guns,
Should my turn come, I've done my best—Gawd strafe
those ruddy Huns !

A. M.

Have they a Future ?

“ The Lord is good to all, and His tender mercies are over all His works.”—Psalm cxiv. 9.

GOD is good ! yet all things suffer !
Look upon that dusky plain,
From dawn till twilight meekly working,
What advantage do they gain ?

Those poor over-burdened horses,
What their life from youth ?—a slave’s—
Is this the “ mercy ” God designed them ?
Where their respite ? In their graves.

On the battlefield abandoned !—
Wounded, torn with shot and shell,
Who arranged that ghastly slaughter ?—
Man, the Lord they serve too well.

His the honours, theirs the sufferings,
In a cause to them unknown !—
Would this accord with human justice ?
Oh, how selfish we have grown !

Who will prove these not immortal,
While we have the written Word
To warn us they are well remembered
By their loving, pitying, Lord ?

Were we men by brutes outnumbered,
We their flesh would vainly crave,
Yet how could we endure to take it,
E'en the God permission gave.

Did we know they were immortal?
Then our deeds more guilty far,
When beaten, maimed, ill-used, neglected,
As alas how oft they are.

Did we know they had no future,
Many would be harsher still,
Thinking that they did no evil—
God had left it to their will.

Wisely hath He kept it secret,
If the beast hath yet a heaven—
Useless were the information,
Therefore it has not been given.

N. E. Z.

The Cavalry Charger.

OUT where the shot and shell are flying,
Out where grim death and disease are hieing,
Into the smoke and midst the roar of guns,
Against Turks, Austrians, Bulgars and Huns,
Amongst them, through them, plunging right and left,
Dripping with gore and bespattered with foam,
Doing his "bit" with the loved ones from Home ;
Is the Cavalry Charger.

No cross or ribbon is pinned to his breast,
For his splendid work out there in the West,
But the man he carried and probably led
To the goal of honour, through ranks of the dead,
Gets all the praise and is laden with fame,
And if hurt is nursed and tended with care,
Whilst his good horse suffers in vain out there ;
The suffering Cavalry Charger.

No roll of the drum, or wail of the fife,
Doth usher his corpse from this vale of strife,
No tears are shed o'er his poor lonely grave,
Or monument raised to his deeds so brave,
He's only a horse, you're only a man,
Yet in faith, in trust and in nobleness,
He shines resplendent nevertheless,
Does the dear old Cavalry Charger.

Now you, mothers, and wives, and sisters here,
Who have sons, or husbands, or brothers dear,
Brought back to you safe from the jaws of hell,
By that splendid horse who is now unwell,
Show some kindness to him for doing his "bit,"
And send to the Blue Cross your spare £ s. d.,
For the gallant undaunted, and brave gee-gee,
The magnificent Cavalry Charger.

A. MORLEY.

An Acrostic.

B E ready to give and do it now,
L et not the chance go by for you,
U ndo your purse strings, show men how
E nglish and Frenchmen can be true.
C ash is needed to aid the steed,
R ushing to battle to do or die,
O how our hearts applaud the deed,
S een not alone by the human eye.
S o let us help them—you and I,
F unds are so low—Oh ! let me ask,
U who have got a mite to spare,
N ow is the time to take on the task,
D o what you can for brave horse and mare.

BINGLEY WILSON, B.A.

“Good-bye, Old Man.”

(Suggested by Matania's picture of a soldier's farewell
to his horse.)

GOOD-BYE, old man ; we've fought our last together,
You've struggled bravely, but you've got to die !
Old man, it almost breaks my heart to leave you,
Without one other word, except “ Good-bye.”

Good-bye, old man ; we've kept up well together,
And always shared whatever's come our way,
We came to help old England fight the Germans,
And up to now we've kept 'em well at bay.

Good-bye, old man ; I know you're going to suffer,
For there are great tears in your eyes,
I wish you understood that 'tis for England
That every hero fights, and bleeds, and dies !

Good-bye, old man ; you won't be here much longer,
You've got to go, old man, and go alone,
We've always had our troubles both together,
And life won't seem the same when you are gone !

Good-bye, old man ; I wish that you could answer,
And tell me all your brown eyes try to say.
You know, old man, I've seen a lot of suffering,
But never felt just like I feel to-day.

Good-bye, old man ; I know that you'll forgive me,
If ever I have been a bit unkind,
But if your sad brown eyes would say forgiveness,
I'd go, old man, much easier in my mind.

Good-bye, old man ; but just before I leave you
Let me lift up your wounded, drooping head,
And plant a kiss between those eyes so faithful,
And leave a glistening tear-drop there instead.

Good-bye, old man ; good-bye, my dear old comrade !
At last our true and tender love must cease,
And I, alone and sad, go forth to battle,
While here your war-worn body lies in peace !

LUCY LAWRENCE.

An Appeal.

DAUGHTERS and sons of England, who, as ever,
Answered your country in her needful hour,
Answered with sacrifice of life, love, labour,
Wealth—as was in your power,—

Ye who have fed the hungry, nursed the wounded.
Cared for the homeless stranger to our shore,
Ye who have cheered our soldiers' hearts with
kindness,
Hear one petition more !

Hear ye the cry of those our faithful servants,
Brothers, though lower in Creation's scale,
Loyal and patient in the midst of suffering.
List, while they tell their tale.

“ Here, in our thousands, on the field of battle,
Bravely we fight and gladly do we die ;
Shattered by shell and shrapnel, torn and bleeding,
Hour upon hour we lie,

“ Waiting until the kindly farrier's bullet
Shall end, in deep forgetfulness, our pain ;
Yet gladly, for the sake of man, our master,
Would live, to fight again.”

Not the least noble of our land's defenders
Are these, whose patience passes all belief,
Not the least brave, whose roll of untold suff'ring
Would wring our hearts with grief.

In time of cruelty, of death and bloodshed,
When horror reigns, and bitter wrongs oppress,
Think, ye who hasten to relieve the greater,
Lest ye forget the less.

Not theirs to understand the wrongs of nations
In whose defence their land takes up the sword,
Yet, none the less, Endurance, Faith, Devotion,
Must reap their just reward.

Never, though peace or war, they failed in duty ;
And now when " Culture's " scientific flail
Strews them in pieces on the field of battle,
Shall it be ours—to fail ?

BRYNHILD LOCOCK.

Thoroughbred.

YOU know the Cross of Mercy
A Cross of famous Red,
Its colour tells the story
Of blood our heroes shed.

But do you know the other,
The Cross of heavenly hue,
The Cross whose colour tells us
Of friends whose blood is "blue" ?

The Blue Cross waves for heroes
Of blood that's known as "Blue"—
The gallant friends who serve us
Unflinching, silent, true.

The Blue Cross is for horses—
The Blue Cross cares for those
Who help us fight our battles
And help us face our foes.

Their large eyes roll in anguish
They suffer . . . shot and torn . . .
(They've been some one's companions
Since ever they were born.)

They've done each thing we asked them
They've never failed us yet.
(That horse that's shot and writhing . . .
That was my lady's pet.)

And that one . . . see, he suffers so !
That was the very one
Who pulled and strained amidst the shells
And brought us out our gun.

And yonder with the bandaged face,
The horse that hauled our food,
How uncomplainingly he stands . . .
Were " patient " half so good ?

Oh, well, they're only horses,
But when their race is run
They know we give them credit
For all their work well done.

At least, though, while they suffer
Let's help them while we can,
And through the " Blue Cross " show them
They're still beloved by man !

The " Blue Cross " is the haven
Of poor, dumb, wounded friends,
Whose heart will feel the comfort
Your contribution sends.

H. B.

Back to the Front.

I'M just going back to the front, lads,
To get on with my " bit " of the job ;
And though I am eager as blazes,
I shall leave with a sort of a sob.

Just six weeks it is since I came, lads,
But six weeks of heaven it has been,
And as it was hell that I came from
You will understand what I mean.

The R.F.A.'s, what I'm proud of,
My duty to pull up the gun,
With five other horses I dragged her
Through mud, slush, in rain and in sun.

We'd done it for many long months, lads,
And then came that one awful day,
When the German shell burst close beside us,
We were blinded with mud straight away.

Oh, the agony of that awakening,
With the longing and wish just to die !
The pain seemed to grip me all over,
And my throat became parched and dry.

And then came the wonder of wonders ;
I seemed to be free of all pain,
Kind hands, soothing words all around me,
I was patted again and again.

Oh, the comfort, the joy of that tending !
Oh ! the kindness and care of those days !
How I love all those men from heart, lad,
For their hearts are as true as their ways.

And now, I want others to love them,
And give them a helping hand,
For the work of the " Blue Cross " is worth it,
They are truly a gallant band.

To help them, I ask you, and spare them
As much money, as you have to give,
And think of me, back at the front, lads,
Because of them . . . happy to live.

G. A. CONGREVE.

The Conscript.

I SAW him to-day, with the A.S.C.
And I knew at once what his brand would be,
That noble head, and those hoofs, tough and blue,
Is the kind they raise on the old "Bar U."

As I patted his neck, I said, "Old son,
How long is it since you had a run
On the bunch-grass hills by the rushing Bow
Where the coyotes howl and the cotton-woods grow?"

"Can't you hear the wind roaring through the grass
As it licks all the snow off the prairie grass?
And the prairie chicken exclaims 'Cluck, cluck
I'll be eating grasshoppers soon . . . with luck.'

"And in summer time when your flies were bad
Often I've watched your noble old dad
Leading his mares at a rattling pace
Over the hills, with the wind in his face."

And, believe me, that horse quite understood
And would have answered me if he could,
For he shoved his muzzle in under my coat
With a sigh that brought a lump to my throat.

Then I questioned his driver, said he, " Old Dan
Is the best of the bunch, sir. Every man
In the corps wants to drive him, but, so far,
I've managed to keep him, and here we are."

" Off to France to-morrow, it do seem a shame
To send horses to war. Thanks all the same,
I don't drink, sir, if you like, you can
Give a bob to the ' Blue Cross ' Fund, for Dan."

HORACE W. WARDEN.

24th Reserve Batt., C.E.F.

To the "Blue Cross" Helpers.

TIP TOP is an officer's charger,
She lives in a distant land,
With only a hoof to walk on,
And never a pen or a hand.

But she has been told by Master,
How well you all bear your part,
When she hears how much you suffer,
She is greatly grieved at heart.

So hoping to cheer those onward,
Who are helping your load to lift,
She sends you a share of her forage,
A tiny, but heartfelt gift.

T. T. hopes your friends will stick it,
And help you wherever they can,
For truly the gift that helps his horse,
Is doubly helping the man.

"When I shall pass the golden gates,
And stand on the golden floor,
Oh, may I renew my friendship then
With my dear friends of yore."

EQUITES.

Many thanks for the help given in time of need to
those who never refused me theirs and their best.

Dumb Heroes.

THERE'S a D.S.O. for the Colonel,
A Military Cross for the Sub,
A medal or two, when we all get through,
And a bottle of wine with our grub.

There's a stripe of gold for the wounded
A rest by the bright sea-shore,
And a service is read as we bury our dead,
Then our country has one hero more.

And what of our poor dumb heroes
That are sent without choice to the fight,
That strain at the load on the shell-swept road
As they take up the rations at night.

They are shelling on Hell Fire Corner,
There's shrapnel just burst in the Square,
And their bullets drum as the transports come
With the food for the soldiers there.

The halt till the shelling is over,
The rush through the line of fire,
The glowing light in the dead of night,
And the terrible sights in the mire.

It's the daily work of the horses
And they answer the spur and rein,
With quickened breath, 'mid the toll of death,
Through the mud, and the holes, and the rain.

There's a fresh treated wound in the chestnut,
The black mare's neck has a mark,
The brown mule's new mate won't keep the same gait
As the one killed last night in the dark.

But they walk with the spirit of heroes,
They care not for medals or cross,
But for duty alone, into perils unknown,
They go, never counting their loss.

There's a swift painless death for the hopeless,
With a grave in a shell-hole or field,
There's a hospital base for the casualty case,
And a Vet. for those easily healed.

But there's never a shadow of glory,
A cheer, or a speech, in their praise,
While patient and true they carry us through
With the limbers in shot-riven ways.

So here's to "Dumb Heroes" of Britain,
Who serve her as nobly and true,
As the best of her boys, 'mid the roar of the guns
And the best of her boys on the blue.

They are shell-shocked, they're bruised, and they're
broken
They are wounded and torn as they fall,
But they're true and they're brave to the very grave,
And they're heroes, one and all.

T. A. GIRLING,
Captain, C.A.V.C.

“Old Bill of the R.F.A.”

(The story of a faithful friend.) Founded on a true incident.

OLD Bill, they used to call me,
Bill, of the R.F.A.
And a fine and easy time I had,
Till the “other Bill” found his “Day.”

A little artillery driver,
Looked after me, day and night,
And he spoke with joy in his voice and heart
When he said “We’re off to fight !”

They took us across to Flanders,
And there in the mud and wet,
I’d think of the stall in “Old Blighty”
And the care I used to get.

I’d think of the little driver,
Who never would drive again,
He’d done his bit for the dear old Flag,
And the thought would ease the pain.

They sent me soon to Egypt,
The land of the blazing sun,
Where the heat would blister the very skin
Of the shining breech of a gun.

The heat and sand soon put me
In the lines reserved for the “cast,”
With nothing to do but to pine away
And dream of the days long past.

To dream of the days when I galloped,
In the lead, at the "Right of the line,"
Ah! those were the days worth living,
The days of Auld Lang Syne.

And now in a native stable
I tremble and start at each sound,
Five hundred piastres bought me,
And humbled my soul to the ground.

My little artillery driver
Loved me with fond caress,
But now I am tortured, day after day,
By a fiend, in woman's dress.

He's a brutal, cruel master,
He bought me for five pounds,
And if "he" knew, who sleeps in France.
His rage would have no bounds.

For "he" loved me like a brother,
"He" loved me like a wife,
And if it lay within my power,
For "him" I'd give my life.

Thank Heaven, I'm quickly dying
(There's a heaven for horses too),
And, Tommy, lad, I'll shortly come,
To take my rest with you.

And the "powers that be" in England
For five pounds, break and still
The hearts of the friends whom Tommies love,
The horses like "faithful Bill."

HARVEY J. GREENAWAY,
Driver, R.F.A.

War Horses.

WHO'LL pity the Horses ?
Untended they often lie . . .
With gaping wounds, and with throats athirst,
In terror of cannon, that boom and burst,
Dying for England, is agony . . .
Who'll pity our Horses ?

Who'll pray for our Horses,
As our Russian Allies pray ?
Does it seem like making a foolish fuss
Of the patient dumb friends suff'ring for us,
When hearts petition for mercy. . . .
Who'll plead for the horses ?

Who'll work for the horses ?
Gladly through shine or rain
Gath'ring the money to trade with death,
To still the moan and the gasping breath,
To buy them release from pain . . .
Who'll work for our horses ?

God comfort the horses . . .
And howe'er their end may come,
Grant " Bob " and " Kit " when they've done their
bit "
Fair pasture wherein to roam,
In the Kingdom of Thy tenderness,
Which is the wide world's home.

NELLY M. ARMSTRONG.

(Frank Mayhew.)

A Dog Friend.

“ONLY a dog . . . a paltry cur” . . .
More nuisance sure than gain ;”
Such scornful words we often hear
From those of stunted brain,
Only a dog, which cannot talk,
Whose hopes are bounded by a walk,
From tiresome leash set free. . . .

Aye, but a dog to friendless age
A priceless joy may be ;
Turning Life's drear monotonous page
From hopeless misery.
The warm touch of a delicate tongue,
The rapturous greeting-bark,
Cheers many a heart with anguish wrung
When all the world seems dark.

Dear pet of childhood, and of lone
Old lives, the simple pleasure,
More dear when other joys have flown,
Companion, playmate, treasure !
What else so fills an empty life,
And keeps unselfish ever ;
Charms human souls from useless grief . . .
Dead friends returning never. . . .

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The lingering gaze of dark brown eyes
Which mutely begs relief,
While at our feet the sufferer lies. . . .
Is oft our poignant grief. . . .
To feel the start of fear or pain,
To hear the panting breath . . .
To know that all man's skill is vain
To avert the impending death. . . .

This is a wondrous mystery
We cannot fathom here. . . .
Why innocent lives, from malice free,
Such torturing pangs must bear.
True Comrade, sharing my sad fate,
But not my vice or sin,
Keep watchful guard when death's dark gate,
Shall ope to let me in !

A. G. NICHOLS.

1916.

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